

Some Milk Certainties.

Inability to make money at present prices is the defense of the milk men for the proposed advance in retail prices. Committees of producers and distributors are soon to meet and discuss the situation. If they plan so to better the present status of the milk business as to enable them "to make money" they will give mighty close attention to these considerations:

The certain loss of a market for a third or a half of their product if they raise the retail price to ten cents a quart;

The certain resentment of all their customers;

The certain comparison of prices in Washington with prices in other large cities;

The certain patronage for the one dealer or several who shall hold to present prices;

The certain advantage in eliminating duplicate service before resorting to advances in retail prices;

The certain encouragement promoters would find in such a situation for the establishment of a local milk trust.

"Wireless" Across the Ocean.

Marconi is now at his Cape Breton station, intent upon giving practical form to his old idea of establishing a wireless commercial service from shore to shore.

In 1903 the first commercial message across the ocean by wireless telegraph was sent from Walfleet, on Cape Cod, to Poldhu, Wales, via Glace Bay, Cape Breton, and from Poldhu it was forwarded to its destination in London. Previous to this the inventor of the wireless telegraph—his claim is at least as good in this respect as was Fulton's in regard to the steamboat or Bell's in regard to the telephone—had sent a message from President Roosevelt addressed to the crowned heads and other state dignitaries of Europe.

After this preliminary success the young inventor—he was then in his twenties—said that in the course of six months or so he would open his Walfleet station for commercial purposes. For various reasons he did not or could not keep his word. On the contrary, he has been gradually perfecting his invention, which is now only one of many in the field, and in particular he has been improving the service which he established for the benefit of the transatlantic steamship lines. He turned things around. The thing which he had planned to do first, which was to open a transoceanic service, he has apparently decided to do last.

His attempt will be well worth watching, both on account of its scientific interest and its commercial possibilities.

Interstate Arithmetic.

Here in the East we have not been much troubled by the two-cent-a-mile rate. Either our States are so narrow that all our travel is interstate, or the courts have set aside the law, or the Legislatures have not yet come to our rescue. But out West the new rate has been lawfully established, the courts reverse it, and one can travel long distances without crossing a State line. So it is no wonder that such letters as the following, written to the Chicago Tribune, are beginning to appear:

I fell into the meshes of the mysterious railroad rates within a week, and have been figuring ever since without reaching a sane conclusion. Can you or any of your readers help me out? Here is the history of my case:

Last Saturday I went to the Polk street depot and bought a ticket on the Wabash to Wolcottville, Ind., 135 miles. I paid \$3.60, although Indiana and Illinois have two-cent-a-mile rate laws.

On my return, before I bought the ticket, I met a friend. Acting on his advice, I bought a ticket at Wolcottville to Hammond, Ind., 123 miles, and paid \$2.46 for it. Hammond is paid the train conductor, Hammond to Chicago, twenty-two miles, 20 cents. This from Wolcottville, to Chicago I paid \$2.50, whereas from Chicago to Wolcottville I paid \$3.60.

Now, according to my figures, 135 miles at 2 cents a mile would make \$2.70. Therefore, the company beat me out of 90 cents going, and I beat the company out of 10 cents returning, thus putting me to the bad 80 cents net.

Isn't that correct? And isn't that the rule with much of the business between the public and the railroad corporations?

But please tell me why the two-cent-a-mile rate laws don't work out consistently.

The only explanation apparent is that the railroad is trying to use our form of national government to punish the States. It is a poor excuse; if the railroad can find a better let it speak up.

But this kind of trouble reaches further than "Traveler's" experi-

ence. Thus, the distance between Terre Haute, Ind., and Paris, Ill., is eighteen miles. Yet a ticket to the former place from St. Louis costs \$2.20 more than a ticket to the latter. Travel from St. Louis to any point in Illinois is interstate, so that the ticket purchaser may well turn away from the window puzzled when told that this extraordinary difference is due to the fact that he purposes "crossing the Indiana line."

Persistent inquiry into this second case revealed the cause. The railroads had run afoul of organized business sentiment in St. Louis and yielded. They had tried to charge three cents a mile to all the army of Illinoisans accustomed to do their shopping in St. Louis. Immediately trade began to turn away from the Missouri metropolis to Chicago. Whereupon the St. Louis shippers came down on the railroads heavier than all the Legislatures in the Mississippi valley, brought about "through" rates at two cents a mile, and saved their trade futures. But Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Wolcottville, being smaller towns in the railroad view, will continue to suffer.

All of which is of interest chiefly in showing that the "power to fix rates" in the latest amendment to the interstate commerce act has not sufficed to achieve reasonable passenger tariffs.

Which Is Better Off?

Lawbreakers are not live stock. They are men—human beings, with the same hopes, the same aspirations, the same hunger and thirst, the same temptations, and maybe the same religion as we who have committed no crime. Lombroso, the great criminologist, gave it as the teaching of a life's study that the brain of the confirmed criminal corresponds in fifteen-sixteenths exactly to the brain of the confirmed good citizen. So little a difference is there between the man in stripes and his neighbor outside!

The men and women of the most civilized country in the world either do not realize this, or, realizing it, do not care. Their own fellows, already down, would not find the way easy to rise if they depended upon popular interest in their plight. But racehorses and blooded stock! There are many to give time and money to their development; crowds of humans swarm the paddocks to study the results; there are magazines designed for no other purpose than to disseminate the latest theories as to training such animals, so as to foster the utmost soundness of limb and clearness of intelligence.

How is it in the District of Columbia? Is there a stableman who would crowd three horses into a stall of antiquated pattern not large enough for one? Would a single runaway relegate any blooded colt, or bull, or pig to a confinement void of sunshine and empty of all health? Would the people of the Capital look on indifferently while men who owned such animals outright were to stunt their growth and indifferently confirm them in vicious habits?

"No" to all those questions. But with human beings of body and spirit fifteen-sixteenths like ourselves we are not so particular. And so, while trotters and pacers, prize bulls and record cows, hogs with long pedigrees, and hairless dogs are sheltered and dieted and washed and coddled, our own brothers are cramped in a miserable jail, made to breathe air heavy with evil, and expected—when at last they come back into the world—to make their fight against the old temptation with dull sight and soft muscles. It is a sorry contrast.

From the example of the Inter-Met and the Standard book-destroying would appear to be something like book-making only on a larger scale.

Candidates will find straw votes hard to harvest in November.

If New York thinks some gum-shoeing is going on every time three Senators stop at the same hotel, her reporters should drop into one of our Washington hostleries about 2 a. m. most any winter night.

We should thank the President of the United States and the Bishop of London could stir up a racket or two.

Minister Wu is all right, but he must leave his conversation in-shoots at home.

When hollow hearts are most unkind, When weeps the rain and sobs the wind, True as the polar star I find M'umbrella.

When lightning's flash and thunders When tempests rage and torrents pour, Faithful and fearless at the door, M'umbrella.

A sentry straight from head to heel, All clad in silk and ribbed with steel, He keeps my gate with sleepless zeal, M'umbrella.

And, in the field, a comrade bold, Above my head his shield he holds, To guard me from my death of cold, M'umbrella.

There's many a face that's false and fair, There's many a foeman unaware; But evermore my life shall share M'umbrella.

And, when his ribs are rudely hit, And, when his ribs are sorely split, I'll get him a complete refit, M'umbrella.

My true, (Squeaked emotion) M'umbrella.

Orders Is Orders Always On Real Water Wagon, Thinks Patrick Farrell

Faithful Driver of the Steady Vehicle Gives Shower Baths to Laborers in a Ditch, Without Request, Too.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Clearly Patrick Farrell should have been a military man, at least, an able seaman in Uncle Sam's navy. But an army career and a life on the water being equally denied him, fate did the next best thing, perhaps, when it assigned him professionally to the "water wagon" instead—that is, a real water wagon.

With Farrell "orders is orders," and just in time to save Farrell from serious personal damage. He accused Theophilus Sullivan on a charge of assault and escorted him to the West Side police court, with the water-wagon man trailing behind.

Reaching court, Farrell charged Sullivan with having first pelted him with clay and then having beaten him with his (Farrell's) horsewhip.

"He grabbed the whip to strike me," Farrell asserted, "and before that he had deliberately turned his sprinkler on all of us and wet us to the skin."

"Is that so?" inquired the court of the complainant.

"I don't know whether they got wet or not," Farrell replied. "But I had my orders. I had to sprinkle the street."

"How about the trench?" demanded Sullivan, hotly.

"It's drier along there than anywhere else, isn't it?" asked the driver defensively.

A little man in shirt sleeves here excitedly introduced himself to the magistrate.

"I'm Flynn," he announced. Then, as the court appeared not to place him, he added, hastily, "I'm the same, judge. It was a shameful deal we got from this man. Regular deal of water on our heads, sir, and we were engaged on an important city work, too. It was an outrage, sir, an outrage! And, your honor, this man Farrell's expression was very fierce—fiercest thing you ever saw."

"Well, I guess that will do," declared the court. "Farrell, you must be more careful in the future, and Sullivan, I'll have to fine you \$2."

Also, with great devotion to duty, only surpassed by that of Farrell, a dozen men were busily engaged in digging away in the bottom of a long trench midway between Ninth and Tenth avenues as the water wagon slowly lumbered westward through the thoroughfare with its big spray laying the dust in all directions. Mindful solely of his instructions and bent on carrying them out to the letter, Farrell turned into the narrow remnant of roadway bordering on the trench, and calmly and cheerfully proceeded on his way, treating the workmen as they bent over their picks and shovels to a series of shower baths that took them totally unawares.

With cries of rage, the laborers vaulted from the trench on vengeance bent. Matters were looking decidedly bad for the conscientious driver when Policeman Olive, whose name suggests the peacemaker, hearing the disturbance from a distance, dashed to the rescue.

His bump of devotion to duty is highly developed. Consequently, when he received instructions to drive his watering cart through West Fifty-first street and to give the pavement a good wetting down as he went, he lost no time in proceeding to do so.

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HIDDEN \$1,200,000 GOLD BRINGS MEN OVER OCEAN TO SEARCH SPANISH MAIN

BERMUDA, Sept. 25.—On a voyage in quest of \$1,200,000 in Spanish gold, said to have been hidden by pirates long ago on a little island in the Spanish Main, Captain Small, with his crew of one, in the forty-five-foot yawl Catherine, of Liverpool, has arrived at St. George's.

The crew of the Catherine has already tasted of the excitement that usually accompanies a search for pirate treasure, having weathered a terrific storm which, for a time, threatened to send the fifteen-ton craft to the bottom, and later floated for days becalmed on a sea as smooth as glass, until starvation threatened the mariners.

Said to have been planted more than one hundred years ago by the famous pirate LaTrobe, the resting place of the treasure, according to Captain Small, has been fixed almost to a certainty. After refitting, the Catherine will set out for the spot.

The Catherine sailed from Liverpool on June 7 last, and after spending three or four weeks along the Irish coast, finally sailed from Tuskar, Ireland. After being out about twenty days, during which time they encountered severe weather, they reached Porto Delquenda, Azores, on July 21, where they effected repairs, and sailed again on August 1.

On August 13 a severe cyclone struck them, the velocity of wind being sixty miles an hour, and a tremendous sea running fully twenty-five feet high.

Captain Small decided to run south and make for Bermuda. When in latitude 28 they were becalmed for twenty-four days. During this long time the provisions and water ran short, and the two men were practically in a state of starvation, when they fortunately fell in with the steamship Horatio, of Booth line, which rendered them assistance, and then they made for Bermuda, reaching here on September 16, the last day's run of the stanch little craft being 117 miles.

Captain Small will leave here for New York, and thence set sail for the Spanish Main.

WIDOW OF MINSTREL RICH MINE OWNER?

Mrs. Jack Haverly, Poor, Reported to Have Recovered Fortune.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Mrs. Jack Haverly, widow of the famous minstrel, may come into her own again, and through the medium of Colorado mines. Almost penniless, Mrs. Haverly is earning her own living here by selling cold cream to theatrical folk. She has been called the "most cheerful broke" woman in New York.

Saying he had good news for her, but could not locate her. This caused her to write to the editor of the Denver paper the following note:

"Some time ago there came a mining man to the Primrose Theater building, wanting to give me my share of a mine or some stock that had proved valuable. Knowing of my departed husband's investments in Colorado, I thought maybe there might be something in the story.

"It would be a blessing to me now, and if you would insert an article in your valuable journal giving my address, I should consider it a very great favor. Very truly,

"MRS. JACK HAVERLY, 47 West Forty-second street, New York."

Friends of the plucky little woman hope that she may again come into a good fortune.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. Young Seads—I don't want to go to college, dad.

Old Seads—You'll have to, my boy, because you can't afford to neglect it. I had to give a college a million last year in order to get my degree. Fack.

CONCORDIA SYNOD ELECTS OFFICERS

Baltimore Congregation Suspended for Deposing Its Pastor.

The Rev. J. E. A. Doermann, of this city, was yesterday re-elected president of the Concordia District Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which has been in session since last Wednesday.

The sessions closed yesterday afternoon, the delegates leaving for their homes last night.

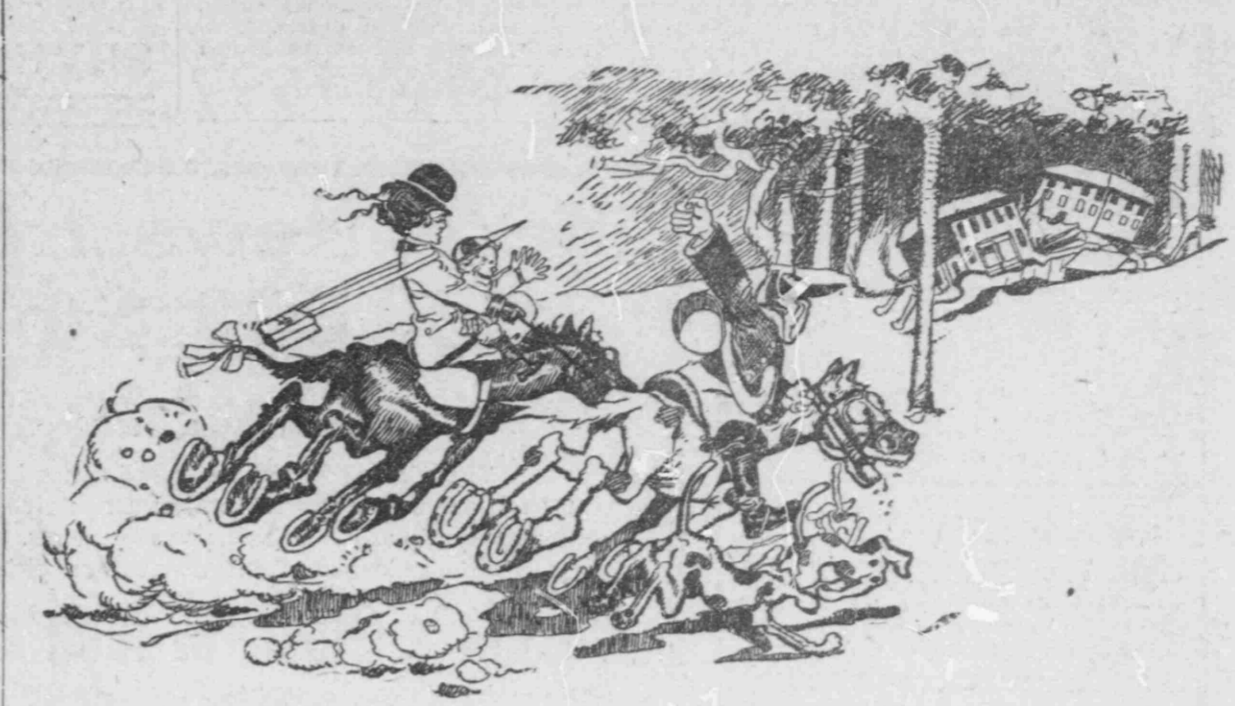
Among the officers elected was the Rev. F. O. Schuch, secretary, of Baltimore, who will succeed the Rev. A. C. Schniff, of Washington, the latter intending to assume charge of a church at Columbus, Ohio. St. Matthew's Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Schniff was pastor, will hereafter be in charge of the Rev. E. L. Altmeyer, of Canal Street, Ohio.

The synod suspended the Concordia congregation of Baltimore from membership on account of its deposing its pastor some weeks ago "without Scriptural authority delegates to the meeting failed to send a representative to the meeting of the synod.

The Rev. H. H. Ackler, of Peru, W. Va., was elected vice president, vice the Rev. N. S. Senter, of North Carolina; Rev. S. Dasher, of North Carolina, was re-elected treasurer of the synod.

The following delegates to the meeting of the joint synod of Ohio, at Appleton, Wis., in 1906, were elected: The Rev. D. C. Mess, of Concordia district; the Rev. H. H. Ackler, of West Virginia district; and Prof. W. L. Spielman, of the North Carolina district. The lay delegates will be A. U. Snyder, of Baltimore; J. P. Meyer, of Baltimore; and W. L. Sites, of North Carolina.

Home-Hunting Horrors Begin; Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed Downed As the Last Place Doesn't Suit



MR. AND MRS. NEWLYWED AND THEIR YOUNG HOPEFUL ON A CHASE FOR A HOUSE.

Children and Dogs Barred From Certain Sections Is Grave Objection Confronting Many Fall House-Seekers at "R. E. Men's" Offices.

House-hunting and its horrors are upon the populace. The janitor and the real estate men are on the jump—showing flats and cottages that are represented to be "just the thing."

To those who are but newly wed, the search for a nesting place is at first a novelty, next a duty, and then a tragedy. Rents, according to the men who know, are about the same this fall as last, and the demand and supply is just sufficient to keep everybody busy. Here's the story of a busy day of a couple of newly-weds who met yesterday their first rebuffs along the married journey:

Lunchless, breathless, and hopeless, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Newlywed approached the ninth real estate office visited since 8 a. m. In almost similar frame of mind, Master Newlywed, eight months old, squirmed restlessly between the two, as the doting parents worked in relays in transporting their precious charge.

"We will try one more agency, dear," said Mrs. Newlywed, between gasps. "And if we don't get a house or a flat to suit we will simply go live with mother."

Mr. Newlywed muttered a silent prayer.

"We notice you have a flat for rent in the Dovecote apartments," purred Mrs. Newlywed as the grim-visaged clerk approached the desk.

"Yes, we have," he replied suavely. "An excellent bargain, four rooms and a bath at \$37.50."

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed in delighted chorus.

"But," continued the real estate man, "there are certain conditions to be complied with in renting it. Is that your baby?" he asked bluntly, pointing emphatically to the Newlywed offspring.

"It certainly is," replied Mrs. Newlywed, icily. "We would hardly be leaving a baby alone unless it were our own little darling."

Master Newlywed echoed these sentiments by sputtering directly underneath the bachelor nose, the "r. e. man" causing that dignitary to remark, tersely:

"I am very sorry madam, but we cannot rent flats in the Dovecote to married couples with children. The tenants have most decided objections and then again there is always the danger of young brats defacing the walls and furniture. I would be very glad to accommodate you otherwise, I assure you."

Mr. Newlywed stretched to at least six feet.

"I would have you understand, sir, that our little one is no 'brat.' Furthermore, he has never in his whole life created any disturbance unless sick and has just as much sense about the care of furniture as you have, and he—"

"Yes, and I wouldn't stay in your old flat if you gave us the rent," interposed Mrs. Newlywed, hotly. "Come on, let's get our precious out of this vile place."

Master Newlywed protested.

But as the attempt was made to remove Master Newlywed from his place of vantage upon the counter, a wall went up that raised the price of every flat on the list at least 10 per cent. Office boy yelled in delight, the stenographer giggled behind her notebook, and the "r. e. man" smiled a knowing, sickly smile. Master Newlywed made a violent desperate grab at an ink well that had aroused his fancy and was hauled screamingly through the door.

"Same old story," said the bachelor agent, "every day a young couple strolls in with the only perfect edition of a youngster since Adam was a papa, becomes insulted because they cannot get a flat in some 'no-child-no-dog' apartment and flounce out just as the kid begins to yell because he cannot own the dog."

Beyond an urgent desire on the part of the hero of our story to tear up several transfer books exhibited by the car conductor en route Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed and their charge reached home without becoming involved in further complications.

"Not One Decent Place."

"Lovely," quivered Mrs. Newlywed, as she flopped wearily upon the "doorstep," "do you realize that we have examined eleven flats and cottages and inquired of nine real estate men today, without as much as finding one decent, suitable place?"

"And to think that four of them should have objected to our little darling. It makes my blood boil," said Mr. Newlywed, hotly.

"Never mind, who cares?" explained Mrs. Newlywed. "We can't expect people with just ordinary common habits to appreciate our treasures. Can we, 'little tootie wootie' turning to that celebrity, who was vainly endeavoring to extract a watch from pater's pocket?"

"Get the baby's diary, lovey," said Mr. Newlywed, suddenly, "and let's enter

up our experiences of the day for our pet to read when he gets a big man."

Diary of the Day.

A moment later Mrs. Newlywed was scribbling industriously, and the paternal side of the house, glancing over her shoulders, gave sanction to the following entries:

8 a. m.—Saw two flats on Sixteenth street. Would never do to carry our baby among such wicked children as I saw playing in the yard.

9 a. m.—Agent said he had two lovely houses out on M. Saw them. Bathroom in the garret in one and in the cellar at the other.

10 a. m.—Agent refused to show us a dear little flat in select neighborhood, because we possessed children. Mr. Newlywed would have chastised him had it not been for setting bad example before our precious.

11 a. m.—Took in two more cottages. Horribly arranged, and no back yard. Furnace out of fix, wall paper hanging, and

greasy neighbors. Everybody in neighborhood cooking onions.

12 m.—Examined three flats in last hour. Elevators at two apartments out of fix—as usual. Walked up and down five flights.

1 p. m.—Found a real cute house out in northwest, but entirely too far away from school. Darling will be going to school in few years, and the little dear must not walk far.

2 p. m.—Called on Mrs. Smith, from whom we rented flat last winter. She asked \$5.00 more just on account of our baby. The idea. I could hardly suppress my indignation. However, she looks much more common than formerly and the atmosphere might not be best, after all.

3 p. m.—An desperate. Lovey has but one day off from the office and we have nothing in sight. Had row with another agent 'till a past hour over our little man. All bachelors should be taxed or forced to find an affinity.

4 p. m.—Is hopeless. Have phoned water to come up and talk it over.

5 p. m.—Real estate offices all closed. Came home in self-defense.

Back to Back Hall Room.

As Mrs. Newlywed finished the last entry an elderly-looking woman stepped briskly up the walk, glanced disapprovingly at Mr. Newlywed, and said: "Catherine, I see absolutely no use in this foolishness. We have a back hall room and a kitchen at home and you and Algernon can move over next week and begin to save some money. 'The flat will cost you \$15 and your pro rata of the coal bill. I have talked it over with John and we'll look for you and Algie tomorrow.'"

Mrs. Newlywed sighed deeply and wandered into the house, as his wife began to recite to the sympathetic listener the trials and rebuffs of the day. After the irrepressible mother-in-law had gone, Mrs. Newlywed came in and found him disconsolately packing the furniture.

Burglar From Surgery, Say Officers of Boy

Fourteen-Year-Old Lad Confesses Two Hundred Burglaries—Unsuspecting Mother Declares He's a Good Boy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Entirely calm, Edward Bridgeman, fourteen years old, confessed that he has committed 200 burglaries since August 5 last—say, about four a day on the average. Young Bridgeman said, too, that he always "worked" in daylight and passed his nights with his parents at home, 39 Ralph avenue, Brooklyn. This explains why his mother, utterly ignorant of his wrongdoing, protested that "Edward is a good boy."

This most industrious young thief has been in the hands of the Brooklyn Children's Society. The society's agents say they believe he is mentally unbalanced. They do not call him a kleptomaniac; they think he has never recovered from a surgical operation that was performed on him, and that this makes him steal.

Bridgeman was arrested on August 5. Frederick B. Hyde, 390 McDougall street, Brooklyn, charged the boy with stealing some silver spoons and a violin. Patrolman Farrell caught the youth pawning the loot. Judge O'Keefe found him guilty and paroled him in custody of a probationary officer until October 9.

Then Bridgeman said he "got busy," and he kept busy until last Monday, when he entered Abraham Rosenblum's house, 160 Forty-sixth street, and stole

numerous articles. The boy pleaded guilty in the children's court, and then, with some pride, recounted his record of "double century" of burglarious enterprises. Judge O'Keefe sent Bridgeman to the house of refuge.

The Brooklyn police are inclined to doubt the boy's story, but only because they have no record of his robberies.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Edward Jackson, a negro, sixty-seven years old, of 642 Communipaw avenue, Jersey City, was scared to death. He died forty-eight hours after he fell unconscious.

Dr. James Wilkinson, who attended Jackson, found him unconscious and could not arouse him. He called in two other physicians, and after a thorough investigation it was decided that Jackson died of shock due to fright. He had been in good health. He was sitting at his front window on the first floor when a negro named Lee, who had been stabbed, jumped from an upper window. Jackson saw him go down, and with a scream he fell unconscious, and remained in that condition until he died.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH WHEN STRANGER DIES

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This Afternoon's Concert AT THE CAPITOL

4:30 P. M. U. S. MARINE BAND

Lieut. W. H. Santelmann, Leader

PROGRAM.

March....."The United States Marine Band".....Thomas

Overture....."The Beautiful Galatea".....Suppe

Largo and Scherzo from "The New World Symphony".....Dvorak

Waltz....."Vienna Beauties".....Ziehrer

Caprice....."Eglantine".....Van Loock

Military Tone Picture "The Emperor's Review".....Ellenberg

Grand March....."The Emperor's Trumpeters".....Schrock

"The Star-Spangled Banner."